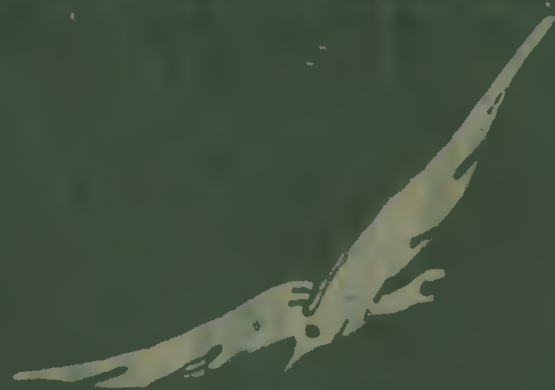


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1928 Fall

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THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Published by Students of Fairhaven High School

Vol. 6

FALL ISSUE

No. 1

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Editorials

SCHOOL SPIRIT

SCHOOL Spirit is the extension of the essence, courage and energy in each individual pupil. The foremost aim of every one of us, as students of the Fairhaven High School should be the development and perfection of a fine and honorable school spirit. It is the derivation of everything we achieve in the school's interest. Our Traffic Squad depends not only upon the captain, lieutenants, and other members of the squad, but chiefly upon the student body as a whole. The preservation of that beautiful high school building, which Henry Huttleston Rogers gifted to Fairhaven, is entrusted to the spirit and honor of its student body. The happiness and comfort of our faculty is a duty in itself for each one to accomplish. School spirit must be extended outside of school perhaps even more than in. Each little act, whether proper or pernicious, reflects upon our school and our faculty. The utmost courtesy and noblest spirit should be extended to all visitors, whether athletic teams, speakers or friends. Let each and everyone of us struggle to make Fairhaven High School Spirit the best.

G. R. B.

NOMINATING COMMITTEES

AT a recent meeting of the Student Council, it was voted to suggest to the classes that in future elections of officers, a nominating committee be chosen to submit a slate of officers for approval. In the writer's opinion, this would be an excellent institution.

The confusion of present elections will be easily recalled. Usually, amid the prevailing excitement, many candidates are nominated for a single office. The election then becomes a put-and-take affair, with personal friendships of grudges, popularity, and often a strained sense of humor, influencing the voters. It is seldom that the majority, after careful thought and deliberation, votes for the candidate possessing the most outstanding qualifications for the office in question. What could be more unfortunate than to elect as treasurer, a person with no mathematical ability, or a secretary unacquainted with secretarial duties and unable to record accurately the transactions of the class he or she represents?

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

It is hoped that the classes will follow the suggestion of the Student Council, and the example of the majority of modern organizations, in regard to this new system.

R. M. M.

THE TRAFFIC SQUAD

FOLLOWING a suggestion made by Mr. Dickey, the traffic squad for 1928-29 was organized a few days before school closed last June. This provided a group which was prepared to take over the problems of the passing of classes on the very first day of school. The improvement over former years was marked. The new pupils found their classes more easily and the passing was much quicker than before.

Under the able direction of its captain, Raymond Mitchell, the squad is carrying on its work faithfully and well. The members of the squad have new arm bands which are held in place by elastic. These badges of identification are a great improvement over the old ones.

It has been said several times by Mr. Dickey in assembly, that the traffic squad would not function properly without the cooperation of the student body. We are sure that the newcomers to our school will show the same cooperative spirit that has been prevalent in the past, and do their utmost to perfect the passing of classes.

W. H. M.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

DUE to the rapid growth of "The Huttlestonian" in the past few years, the burden placed on the editor-in-chief has become increasingly heavy. This year the faculty advisor and principal decided that the creation of a new editorship would be advisable. Accordingly, an associate editor was chosen with duties closely associated with those of the editor. We feel that this appointment has proven itself a decided success.

R. M. M.

THE ART EDITOR

AT this time we wish to bring to your attention—if you haven't already noticed it, and we hope you have—the new cover. It has been designed after much consideration and many conferences. We have tried to have for a cover something that will attract, something that

will be worth keeping and something that will have some historical value. This is the result.

In connection with this we have created a new position on the staff, that of Art Editor. Due to the necessity of having some one to design our cover and several other cuts it was thought best to have some one whose business it would be to get the cuts and other such material ready when they are desired.

Therefore in this issue all the art work has been done by or under supervision of our new Art Editor.

R. E. B.

CONTRIBUTIONS

THIS year, contributions to "The Huttlestonian" have been very slow in coming in. The editorial staff is quite convinced that this unusual condition is due more to the timidity of the students than to lack of ability. There must be some potential authors and poets amongst our student body. Let us have more stories and poems passed in!

We would rather have so many that some would have to be rejected, than the condition which now exists. It is a well-known fact that where competition is keenest, the best results are obtained. If your first article is not accepted — try again.

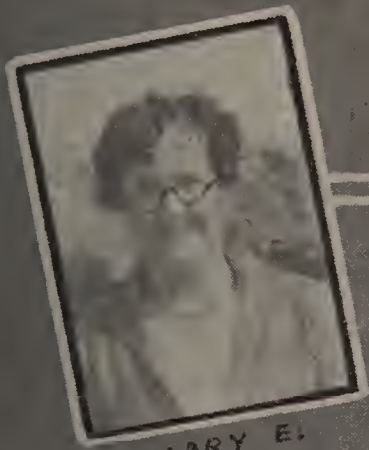
We, at Fairhaven High School, pride ourselves on our school spirit. School spirit means supporting the projects of the school enthusiastically. Therefore, we can improve our school spirit by giving "The Huttlestonian" staff a wealth of material to pick from. Let's try!

W. H. M.





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The Sacrifice of a Gypsy Woman

THE gypsy wove a basket of grass and rushes. In it was the story of her life. She wove the music of the babbling brook to which she had listened in her youth. She wove the trees, the grass, the flowers, they were all a part of her childhood. She wove the sun as it looked when it rose at dawn and when it sank at twilight. It all brought back memories, of the nights when the band gathered around the gleaming campfire, with the orange moon hanging low in the sky.

It was nearly done,—just the lake at sunset with the lavender tints of the sky and clouds remaining.

And finally the basket of her life was completed!

While she was contemplating its sale, a car drove up to the gate of her small cottage. A lady, dressed in furs, alighted.

Soon a brisk knock sounded at the door.

"I was told you'se sold baskets. How much would yer charge fer a good bright one? I want it green and red or something really snappy. Lemme see yer line?"

The gypsy was at last allowed to speak.

"This way lady. I shall show you what I have."

As she spoke she led the way, past the table on which lay the basket of her dreams.

As the East Sider, and she was undoubtedly such,—nouveau riche, passed the basket she picked it up in her bejeweled hands.

"Say! This is sorta pretty! Doesn't look like much but I kinda like it."

"I have just completed it, lady. I'm sorry but it is not for sale."

"Huh? What'd yer mean? Ain't you selling baskets? I pay plenty fer things I like, I ken afford ter. I'll pay you'se well. Fifty dollars is a pretty good price fer it, seems to me. How about it?"

"I am sorry, lady, but that basket is not for sale. I have just completed it and I cannot give it up. It means so much to me."

"What'd yer mean not fer sale? I was told you'se people were poor and here yer are turnin' down good money. Its not worth it, but just to show what a sport I am, I'll give yer a hundred cold cash. If that ain't a handsom' offer, my name ain' Gert Callahan! Is it a go? Come on!"

"Very well, lady, I need the money badly. My man is sick and cannot work. I will sell it to you. But please grant me one request.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

I love that basket and wish that you might, too." The gypsy woman's eyes were filled with tears.

"Well, since yer so partial ter it, I'll treat it good, don't worry." Her voice was, for her, strangely soft. Then with a sudden briskness, "Here's yer hundred berries. So long!"

"I thank you, lady, and may God bless you."

As the "lady" went out she was surprised to feel a tear coursing down her painted cheek.

"Gee" she breathed softly as she brushed it away.

Sally Worth '31



The Sea at Dawn

On farflung curve of sandy shore—
O'er looked by tow'ring cliffs of white—
The billows roll in with a roar,
And seething surf enveils the bight.

From chalky coast the azure sea
Spreads till it melts in deep blue sky,
At yonder distant sea-girt key
Where surging waves foamed-flecked tear by.

Elusive flames streak morning haze
And clouds, rippled, like waves below—
Alight, as smoke from logs ablaze
Shine till e'en west has caught the glow.

The fiery ball burns thro the clouds
Gold-fringed, that slowly draw apart
Displaying well between its shrouds
Our sun, the gem of Nature's art.

And down the sparkling path of fire
Poseidon comes to welcome Dawn
To Sea, where beckoning waves attire
The waters, that the light plays on.

The sun has cleared the farthest cape
And scattered rays of bright grow bold,
And sifting thru the mist, escape
To blend the blue with gleaming gold.

Philip Gidley '30

Hitting the High Spots in Europe

A DIARY

July 5th.

Sailed from New York at midnight, on Steamship Tuscania. Have had one week of fun. Went swimming, played deck games of Shuffle board, Tennis and Quoits. Danced evenings. Dressed up as Cook for the final dinner and masquerade ball.

July 11th.

First sight of land, Chalk Cliffs of Dover—thrilling. Landed passengers at Plymouth.

July 13th.

Stayed over at Havre for Bastille Day, July 15th.

July 16th.

London. Noticed peculiar Trams—like New York busses with observation tops and inside chairs. All traffic goes to the left; all shop windows protected with iron shutters Sundays. We were told that for every theft in New York there were two in London. Visited Winsor Castle the home of the living King and Queen—saw the Royal Guard and heard the Royal Band play, on the terrace. Went to Stoke Poges—the oldest church in England, and had tea in Thatchett—the oldest village.

Saw Warwick Castle—owned by the Earl of Warwick. Many clocks dating back to the sixteenth century, still running and keeping good time. Went to the Shakespeare country, saw the home where he was born and died. The school he went to is being used as a school today. Saw Anne Hathaway's (his wife's) cottage. Her home had a thatched roof and very simple furniture but a lovely wild flower garden. Saw the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, and tower of London, passing over the London bridge, and back over the tower bridge. In the White tower much armor, execution block where many famous heads were cut off—many implements of torture, inscriptions made by the prisoners on the walls, model of bone stretcher or rack, and iron frame-work where the lifeless body was set and hung up as a warning to the people. Saint Pauls Cathedral, walls and dome very high and beautiful, visited the Crypt where two kings and many noted personages were buried. Seemed funny to be shuffling over Royalty like this.

British museum, Egyptian section interested me most—mummys—one, thirteen hundred years old, still had red hair on its skull. Saw Magna Carta. Saw the first block printing by the Chinese and William Caxton. Saw Buckingham Palace and change of the Guards at 11 at Whitehall. Boat ride up the Thames very interesting, London marvelous city—went goofy over it.

July 24th.

Amsterdam. Took excursion to Edam, Vollandam, and the Isle of Marken. Edam—cheese factory. Original Dutch costumes just like a picture. At Marken costumes very elaborate. Amsterdam reminded me of New York. The city is called by the name of the largest dam in the district. Went to the diamond factory where I saw all the steps in the manufacture of a diamond, cutting, polishing, etc. At the Ryks museum, the famous original of the "Night Watch" by Rembrandt, we were told that the person paying the most money was entitled to the chief position in the picture. Saw the new field for Olympic Games.

July 26th.

Koln, Germany—Visited Cathedral which took 600 years to build and will never be finished because of legend it would fall to pieces. The stone is very soft material and is already rotting away.

July 27th.

Started 185 mile journey down the Rhine beginning at Koln and ending at Mainz took in 13 hours. Saw old Roman watch-towers and a castle a minute slipped by. Heidelberg, famous fortress castle—instead of having the moat full of water they put lions in it. University summer session in progress; very plain looked like a barracks. Good Beer.

July 29th.

Lucerne Switzerland. Steamer excursion up the lake to Brunner, and from there cog-wheel cars to the top, Axenstein Mountain. We were up 3,323 feet and had a superb view of the two arms of the lake.

Aug. 1st.

Festival day in Switzerland; in the morning climbed the Mingen Alps to Frindelwold by train, carriage and foot.

Aug. 2nd.

To Milan along the shore of Lake Maggiore. Cathedral very beautiful.

THE HUTTLESTONIAN

Aug. 3rd.

Venice, arrived early in the morning and took gondolas like taxis or street cars to the Marble hotel. At glass factory saw them make famous Venetian beads and mosaic work. Tour of the City—Saint Marks Cathedral—all mosaic work even prison where prisoners saw light and land for the last time.

Aug. 8th.

Naples. Visited Pompeii, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri, and the Blue Crotte. Vesuvius smoking and erupted day we were there.

Aug. 12th.

Rome. Glorious Rome very modern. Amsterdam and Rome the only cities so far to remind us of New York (minus the sky scrapers). Vatican—beautiful statues, library, precious relics. More treasures here than anywhere else in the world.

Aug. 19th.

To Paris up the Valley of Thone via Avignon. First rain of the entire trip here in France. Sight seeing drive around Paris, visiting Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, etc. Napoleon's tomb, beautiful red Egyptian marble. Took eight months to cut thru 18 inches with diamonds. Louvre—huge building filled with beautiful treasures, saw original Mona Lisa by Leonardo da Vinci, and Angelus by Millet. Versailles. Visited the Eiffel Tower—15 miles taxi trip cost 40c, the trip in the subway costs 1c.

Aug. 24th.

Havre, sailed for home on the S. S. California.

Aug. 26th.

At 5:30 this morning the call rang thru the ship, "Man overboard." Searched all day, nothing was seen. Cast gloom over all. Check up of each person was made and it was found to be steward about 16 years old.

Aug. 27th.

Many people leaning over the rail for it is rougher today.

Aug. 29th.

Calm and foggy, boat slowed down to half speed, lost one day sailing time.

Sept. 3rd.

Wonderful trip all summer but getting home the best of all.

Willard D. Whitfield, '30.

Send It In

If you have a bit of news,
 Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse,
 Send it in.
A story that is true,
An incident that is new,
We want to hear from you,
 Send it in.
Never mind about the style,
If the news is worth the while,
 Send it in.

David Entin, '29

Rest

When mountain tops turn purple,
And the sun sinks in the west;
When mother sings soft lullabys,
And birds fly to their nests;
When everything is soft and quiet,
We know its time for rest.

Anna Burns '31

An Evening With An Editor

EVERYBODY seems to agree that this would be a nice evening to ride down to the canal to see the New York boat go thro. I, too, agree but plead my excuse of having material to look over and correct for the magazine. They tell me it's too nice a night to miss and I can do my work afterwards. Finally after desperately trying to prove my reason for refusing their invitation they give up in despair and leave me alone. Then I sit down at my desk and begin my work.

The first thing I pick up is a report of the proceedings of one of our classes. I find it leaves out entirely the main feature of the work so far, that of reading and outlining the only book the class has. The minor details have been explained very well but it will never do like that so I lay it aside.

Next I pick up another article on the same subject. Fine, I think, a little competition, is apt to bring forth better material. I read this article. It turns out to be better than the first; everything is included except one particular that should be mentioned. I make a note of this and then read the article thro again for grammatical errors. "Well, I bet they are almost down to the canal" a little voice whispers to me. "Be quiet," I command, "I must interview Miss A— tomorrow about this article and maybe, if she makes the corrections I intend to show her, we can use it."

Some large writing on another papper draws my attention, I find it is a poem. I scan it over casually and it looks fairly good so I decide to read it. This is what I find: there is no plan of verse, the English is wrong and the whole idea is abominable. "Oh dear, don't you wish you'd gone to the cape?" "No," I silently reply to the unspoken question, I must get together some material for this magazine.

I read several more poems, some too short, others too silly and others utterly impossible. Several stories and articles I look over and make notes of suggested corrections. By this time I begin to feel kind of weary and wish I'd thrown all this stuff in the waste basket in the early evening. In desperation I pick up an article on the bottom of the pile, just as I hear the car enter the yard. I feel terribly discouraged and very well aware of the "razzing" I'll get when they see the look of discouragement on my face. The paper which I have picked up is an editorial on school spirit. I find myself immediately intensely interested. I read on—why it's great—really awe-inspiring—quickly I complete

it. It seemed very short though it actually covers two pages. I felt truly sorry when I reached the end. All this time there was no sign of the folks and as I finished the article I began to wonder what had become of them when I became conscious of a noise that had started when I was in the middle of the article. It was the doorbell. I let them in. "Oh, ho!" said one, "I see by your face the evening has been successful." "Yes" said another, "we had a fine time and we thought we might be able to make you jealous by telling you about it but I guess from the look of things it would be useless."

"Entirely useless," said I, and the little voice whispered no more.

Ruth E. Bradford '29

Eventide

The sun is dipping o'er the hills,
And whip'oorwills are calling;
Across the surface of the lake
The autumn leaves are falling.

And in the trees at eventide
The birds are softly peeping,
Deep silence reigneth everywhere
The while the world is sleeping.

Elizabeth Parshley '29

Fairhaven High School of Yesterday

IN the year 1857, so far back that no one remembers it now—three rival papers were published here in the high school. One, from which excerpts have been taken and are printed here, was called the “Snow Wreath.” This paper was edited by Kate Terry, the late Mrs. E. G. Morton. The Rag-bag was one of numerous other papers and looked upon with high disfavor by the above mentioned editress.

“FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL—FRIDAY 13, 1857”

“We are again seated in the editorial desk to read to you the sayings and doings of the “Snow Wreath.” The contributions this week are very good. Great improvement has been made since last time we read. Press onward.

We listened to the “Rag-bag,” last week. In their columns they read, that they would let the charge of *slander* pass, we presume they make a virtue of *necessity*, and such a look of *heroic resignation*, rested upon the countenance of the *young* editor as he read it, we never saw surpassed, but they did not mean *what* they said, they were going to let it *pass*, but the temptation was *too great* for them, to be resisted, and they continually harped upon it.”

Another glimpse of the Fairhaven of yesterday is obtained from part of an essay entitled “Fairhaven,” and written by Harry Pope, a high school boy.

“FAIRHAVEN”

“Fairhaven is on the Acushnet River in Massachusetts, near Cape Cod. The city where everybody goes Saturday night is New Bedford, and is quite near Fairhaven, across the bridge where the Onset cars run over.

Fairhaven was settled many hundreds of years ago by the Puritans who came here from Dartmouth. Indians was around lots in those days and were very bad men. There was lots more going on in them days; 'taint no fun here now 'cause the only Indians is a Gay Head Indian, and he's no fun anyhow.

“King Phillip and Wamsutta used to be Indian chiefs and were very much feared by the settlers all around everywhere. I guess John I. Bryant is the biggest man since them days.

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“The Indians used to sometimes come sneaking out of the woods by the railroad track back of the Rogers School and come down to Nye’s store to wait for the white people to kill them, and so it became the custom to wait at Nye’s store for everything.

“In 1776, when the English soldiers tried to capture the United States and sell them tea instead of coffee without taxation and trading stamps the people of Fairhaven got up a band and an army of soldiers and went down to Fort Phoenix where they have clambakes. They took a big cannon from the English just the same, and put it on the four corners front of Mr. Snow’s store. After the revolution there wasn’t much doin’ in Fairhaven except building whaleships which they did all along the shores way up to Oxford.

“For a long time Fairhaven didn’t change much till they moved old Dr. Atwood’s barn and built the library—then things kind of boomed all over.

“One time there was a big wind storm and the bridge blew away and the steeple of the Brick Church blew off, 110 feet high—guess it scared people some.

“There ain’t any oldest inhabitant in Fairhaven now ’cause he’s dead.”

Catherine Delano Owen '29



The Piper

WHILE seated one summer day under a large, shady tree in an open meadow, I was disturbed from the abstracted reverie into which I had fallen, by an unusual, but pleasing sound. Glancing up sharply, I discovered from whence it came. Under a tree about fifty paces from me was seated a tattered stranger. The beauty of his surroundings held no charm for him, for his whole being was absorbed in the deft manipulation of a penny whistle. To the uninitiated, this may sound trivial, but those who have heard will vouch there is nothing sweeter, nor anything that can express sentiment better than such an instrument when well played.

I pride myself upon being something of a connoisseur of such things, and my delight knew no bounds as I recognized in the playing of the recumbent stranger, no mean ability. The tune which had aroused me was a light, lifting melody, suggestive of peasant dances, and was now brought to a close with a flourish.

The piper stopped, wet his lips with his tongue, and recommenced. Immediately the meadow with its perfume of new-mown hay disappeared. In its place there was a sparkling, singing, mountain stream, leaping from rocks, from level to level, in thrilling, crystal-clear cascades. Nestled between two overhanging rocks, in front of which ran the stream was a small, thatched, goatherd's cottage. Here the tune changed and no longer was heard the chatter of the brook, for, with the beginning of a tender melody, I got a glimpse of the inside of the cottage.

It was night, and seated before the cheerful blaze in the fireplace was the family of the herder—the little old mother, the bent goatherd, and their two stalwart sons. They were chatting pleasantly when unexpected the tune again shifted and a knock was heard. It was with a sense of foreboding that I watched the eldest son stride to the door. I was sure that something unpleasant was about to befall this happy group. The door was opened and the dust-covered messenger handed the young man a paper. He unfolded it, gave it a glance, and let his arm fall to his side with an exclamation. His whole attitude was one of utter dejection. His family rushed to him, anxious to learn the disturbing news. Their faces, too, expressed dismay when they learned the nature of the epistle. It was a summons for the eldest son to serve in the army.

The piper's fingers fairly flew as the scene altered, and a sobbing note became prominent in the tune. It was the following day. The young man had apparently become reconciled to his separation and his set face showed his determination to carry it through as a soldier should. But his family was grief-stricken and refused to be comforted by his assurances that he would come through all right. Finally he tore himself from their embraces and strode with head high down the mountain.

Next came a march and mingled with it was the tramp of many thousands of soldiers. Then, suddenly, the din of battle—violent discords—the clanging and clashing of weapons—and silence! When a low requiem, as of a chorus of heavenly voices began, I found myself searching a body-strewn field with anxious eyes. It couldn't possibly be that he had died so young! Yes, there was his body—bleeding and torn. A smile parted his lips and on his face was such a look of peace that my sorrow was partly appeased. The burning sun set over the bloody field and all was dark.

Unexpectedly the music stopped and I awoke to the reality of my surroundings. In bewilderment, I looked for the piper and espied him halfway down the road. I would liked to have thanked him for having given me such a glimpse of the world outside the sunny meadow, but my mind was too full of the things I had just seen for me to chase him, so I settled back comfortably and sank into another reverie as deep as the one before his advent.

Henry Moss '30



The End

When this time-weary ball has ceased to roll,
And those who say the universe must go
Have countless centuries themselves been gone,
I wonder what the terminus will be.
If, tiring of this backward-sliding race,
The cavernous dome of heaven, which engulfs us,
Will, crumbling, crush this frail nutshell of ours
Into the shapeless dust from which it rose;
Or if some blindly whirling satellite,
Deflecting from its ancient star-worn orbit,
Shall dash us to a thousand Pleiades;
Or rather, the command of savage Juno
Shall call forth Aeolus' fatal Trojan winds
To end the task that Neptune checked half-done.

Raymond Mitchell '29

Reflections After a Storm

I HAPPENED this summer to have the opportunity (maybe I shouldn't call it an opportunity) of witnessing a most terrific storm. It was what might be called a "baby" cyclone, which spread ruin and destruction wherever it hit. Our camp was situated on the shore of a very charming lake between two mountains, and we were right in the path of the storm.

I have always had a certain fear of storms, particularly a tempest, but with thunder, lightning, wind and hail all mixed in together I'm sure no one can possibly imagine my fright. The first storm broke shortly after lunch with heavy thunder and sharp lightning flashing all around us. This carried on from a half to three quarters of an hour, then passed over and cleared up beautifully even though we could see it raining on the other side of the mountain. The thunder rumbled in the distance but at last seemed to pass off, and so we thought we were through with tempests for a while. The sky cleared and it seemed that the sun shone as it had never shone before.

There were two young men at camp that day fishing with my Dad. When all looked promising they thought they would try their luck at the fish once more. When they had been out on the lake between twenty and thirty minutes, huge storm clouds again rose in the west. "Just nothing but a few wind clouds" said the younger of the boys. Nevertheless they decided to weigh anchor and head for shore. All the while the sky grew blacker and blacker and the huge clouds seemed ready to burst at any moment. They had no sooner landed their boat on shore than the storm broke. I cannot possibly give you a description of it. We were all racing around to close windows and save our things which were very freely scattered about. Looking out of the window huge sheets of water were seen rushing across the lake. Heavy thunder rolled, shaking our camp and the lightning I will leave to your imagination along with a terrible wind. There were, around the camp, from twelve to fifteen huge pines which towered toward the sky—I'm sorry to say that they no longer do—nearly all of these huge trees were uprooted by the gale. Our two boats were lifted right up and thrown over in the air. I'm sure all present had a good laugh at me, who was so terrified that I doubted if I'd live to tell the tale.

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We did not realize until the storm was over how much damage it had really been done. Roofs and piazzas were carried far away from their cottages. All the crops and fruit trees were laid low and the roads were left in an absolutely impassable condition.

I sincerely hope I shall never have to witness anything like it again.

Eleanor S. Fletcher '30



Football

ON Sept. 7, the first call for football candidates was issued. Although our new coach Linn S. Wells had not arrived upon the scene as yet, a regular practice session was held. The following day practice was started in earnest to prepare for the Middleboro game which was but two weeks hence. About 60 boys answered the appeal of our new coach and we soon found him to be a regular fellow.

Our first game with Middleboro on Sept. 22, was described by many of our loyal fans as the best game they had ever seen played by a Fairhaven team so early in the season. It would be hard to pick any stars in this game as every man did his share. The final score was 35-0.

The next game on the schedule was with the much experienced N. B. Vocational School and every boy on the squad should be complimented because of the fight and the manner in which he played against overwhelming odds.

Vocational was a team that had been under the process of construction for the last 5 years and we stepped out of our class when we decided to meet them so early in the season. With all due respect to Coach Macintosh and his charges, I think it is safe to say had we met Vocational farther along in our schedule the score would not have been 26-6 in their favor.

Provincetown was the next game scheduled but withdrew because their coach claimed that the material on hand was not of the calibre needed to play a team of Fairhaven's strength.

With Durfee coming the following week it was first decided that we would leave the Provincetown date open. But Falmouth High, another Cape team, furnished the opposition in the first Friday afternoon encounter ever played at the stadium. After a very spirited tussle we emerged victorious by an 18-6 score.

Our second big game of the year came the following week with Durfee as the attraction. A very noticeable change of form, which was evident throughout the encounter, gave the Fairhaven supporters the impression that another fighting team was in the making. This game also, marks the birth of the F. H. S. band which inspired our gridsters on to a 7-0 victory over our ancient rivals.

Dartmouth, the next foe, was considered very weak and lived up to the expectations by receiving a 38-0 beating administered by Mr. Wells and his cohorts.

There is no need to announce the next game on the schedule because since the opening of school our hopes and visions had been pointing toward the annual classic.

All during the week both squads extended themselves to the limit to produce offensive and defensive units of perfection. Contrary to the expectations of our friends across the river, our aerial attack for which they had especially adapted their defense was missing and our victory was gained by straight, hard football mixed with plays of deception which swept the crimson tide four times down the field, but twice Fairhaven fumbled.

These fumbles, however, only served to instill more fight and power for immediately the sons of the blue and white again advanced and were not denied. Fairhaven's defense can be determined by the fact that three times it turned back "Jimmy" Murphy's boys, the last being on the three yard line.

The summary of the game would not be complete if we failed to make mention of the wonderful spirit and fine sportsmanship of not only the N. B. team but also its loyal supporters. As everybody knows we were victorious 12-9.

Albert Hammond '29



Girl's Hockey

HOCKEY is the most important sport in girl's gymnasium work at this time of year. The game tends to promote good sportsmanship among the players, to keep them physically alert and mentally awake. Each girl must accomplish fifteen hours of prepared work the week before the game in which she wishes to play and must be passing in three prepared subjects for the two weeks previous to the game. A hockey emblem is awarded to the winning class team and class numerals to the girls who participate in the required number of games.

Three games have been played to date.

| | | |
|---------|----|------------------------------|
| October | 19 | Seniors 1 vs. Juniors 0. |
| October | 20 | Juniors 3 vs. Sophomores 0 |
| October | 24 | Sophomores 4 vs. Freshmen 0. |

The following is the schedule of the season:

| | | |
|----------|----|---|
| October | 29 | Juniors vs. Freshmen |
| October | 31 | Seniors vs. Freshmen; Juniors vs. Sophomores. |
| November | 5 | Seniors vs. Juniors. |
| November | 7 | Sophomores vs. Freshmen. |

SENIORS

Alice O'Leary, *Captain*

Priscilla Alden
 Alberta Figuerido
 Elizabeth Haskins
 Gladys Hebden
 Harriet Killam
 Marion Milhench
 Elizabeth Snow
 Jane Stetson
 Ruth Bedford

Doris Diggle
 Marietta Giante
 Rose Freeman
 Mildred Hoxie
 Ellen Meal
 Marjorie McCracken
 Edith Rogers
 Charlotte Terhune
 Marion Whiting

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JUNIORS

Anna Sylvia, *Captain*

Agnes Silviera
Agnes Broadland
Ruth McCracken
Bessie Freitas
Irene Ellis
Alice Sylvia
Eleanor Fletcher

Grace Goulart
Millicent Price
Dorothy Hathaway
Olive Ellis
Gladys Braley
Mary Rocha
Priscilla Gamage

SOPHOMORES

Florence Wilson, *Captain*

Alexandria Amarel
Frances Brown
Barbara Chadbourne
Marion Forman
Helen Greenhalgh
Anna Burns

Margaret Davis
Grace Knowlton
Veronica Moss
Evelyn Milhench
Hilda Perry
Marion Rezendes

Eleanor Packard

FRESHMEN

Josephine Teixeira, *Captain*

Myrtle Tickle
Reita Dwelley
Martha King
Priscilla Greeny
Marjorie Law
Sylvia Winsor
Stella Hroniak

Clara Gracia
Betty Isherwood
Margaret Donneley
Mabel Wisneuska
Doris Fonteneau
Beatrice Rothwell
Audrey Tabor

Helen Murley '29
Manager of Seniors

A History of Fairhaven's Boy Scouts

AT the present time the registration of Boy Scouts in Fairhaven is the largest in its history. Three active troops are needed to accommodate the constantly growing ranks of these Scouts.

Troop One, as the name indicates, was the first troop hereabouts. Meetings were held in the Unitarian Church in 1912 under the direction of Scoutmaster Hall. After Mr. Hall's departure this troop went rapidly downward until Mr. Hoxie, of Mattapoisett, brought it back to its former high standing, a few years ago, in the north end of town. The troop is now coming ahead by leaps and bounds with Mr. Miller as scoutmaster.

Troop Two, the baby troop of Fairhaven, has seesawed back and forth with the principals of the East Fairhaven School as leaders. However, these Scouts are swiftly assuming their rightful place in the troop standings under the supervision of Mr. Clish.

The other troop of this district is the American Legion troop started in the Methodist Church by Mr. Humphrey. Since Mr. Kenneth S. Pierce took over the reins a few years back, this troop has stood high in the records of the New Bedford—Fairhaven council. Although he is now absent, his able assistants Mr. Luther and Mr. Light are carrying on his work.

To take everything into consideration, Fairhaven, as a town, has ample reason to be proud of its Scouts and leaders.

George Spangenburg '30

Scouting For Girls

WHEN Sir Robert Baden Powell founded the Boy Scouts movement in England, it proved too attractive to make it possible to limit its great opportunities to boys alone. The Sister organization in England, known as the Girl Guides quickly followed and won equal success.

Mrs. Juliette Low, while on a visit to England realized the tremendous future of the movement in her own country and on her return founded the Girl Guides in America; enrolling the first patrols in Savannah, Georgia on March 1912. In 1915 the National Head-

quarters were established in Washington, D. C. and the name was changed to Girl Scouts.

Today we find hundreds of troops established throughout the world. In Germany although the meetings are carried on in a different manner, the aims are the same.

Sophie Such '29

The Girl Reserves

THE Fairhaven student club of Girl Reserves, is a band of earnest and cooperative high school girls engaged in social and friendly work.

We make scrap-books for sick children in hospitals, and give a Christmas party for poor children every year.

Our club meets practically every Tuesday at the Y. W. C. A. in New Bedford. It has three dandy supervisors, Miss Heald, Miss Barker, and Miss Todd, all energetic "Y" workers.

There is a splendid spirit shown at our meetings. All the girls are friendly, good sports.

We are now planning our next year's program. This winter we expect to have many jolly good times together.

If any girls who have not already joined our club, *do* join, I am sure that this will be a pleasant experience for them, and they will perhaps become better acquainted with some of the other high school girls.

Susanne Gidley, '31



French Department

LA LEGENDE DE LA JEUNE FILLE SAUVAGE SOUVENIR D'UNE VISITE AUX CHUTES DE NIAGARA

ON dit qu'il y a beaucoup d'ans quand des Peaux Rouges seuls habitaient cette région, une jeune fille était sacrifiée chaque an pour plaire au Pouvoir Suprême. Elle était envoyée dans un canot, qui était chargé de fruits et de gibier à poil et de gibier à plumes au-dessus des Chutes de Niagara pour ne jamais revenir mais pour trouver une vie bien heureuse au Bon Pays de Chasse.

Ce sacrifice était continué pendant beaucoup d'années jusqu' à ce qu'une fois une fille du Chef des Sauvages était choisie. Après la cérémonie du sacrifice, le chef était si triste à cause de la perte de sa fille que la pratique était abandonnée désormais.

Ellen E. Meal '29

A LETTER RECEIVED BY A HIGH SCHOOL FRENCH STUDENT FROM HER FRENCH CORRESPONDENT

Ier. September 1928

Chère Hélène,

VOUS croyez certainement que je vous oublie. Ne le pensez pas, car cela n'est pas vrai. Ces derniers mois, j'ai beaucoup voyagé, et j'ai négligé beaucoup mes amis, qui sont très fathés après moi. J'espère chère ami que vous me pardonneriez. J'ai visité trois pays: l'Angleterre, la Belgique, et l' Espagne.

J'ai tout d'abord traversé toute le France en automobile; j'ai puis ensuite le train jusqu'à Madrid, en Espagne. C'est très joli si vous saviez l'Espagne! Mais mon Dieu, quelle chaleur, c'est épouvantable!

Ensuite. j'ai pris un bateau, et j'ai été en Angleterre. J'ai passé un mois à Londres. Cela m'a beaucoup plu, et c'est une ville dans laquelle j'aimerais beaucoup habiter. J'ai retraversé la Manche, et j'ai été vivre deux semaines à Bruxells; c'est une ville qui ressemble beaucoup à Paris, et les Belges sont des gens escessevement gais.

Maintenant je suis à Paris, pour assez longtemps, j'ai repris mes cours et mon travail, et j'en suis très heureuse car je suis un peu fatiguée de tous ces déplacements. Et vous, chère aime, passez-vous comme je l'espère de bonnes vacances? Ecrivez-moi bien vite pour me raconter tout cela, et recevez en meme temps que mes amitiès un baiser très affectueux.

Votre aime sincere,

Genéviève

To Chardenal

When adjectives confuse me,
And participles won't agree,
Chardenal, help me out!
Does the sentence require
Subjective after falloir?
Of course! All the while,
Chardenal, help me out!

When irregular verbs I dread
And forms around me spread
Chardenal, help me out!
Make every tense agree
Sequence point out to me
Chardenal, may you always be
Here, to help me out!

Helen E. Murley '29

German Department

DIE LORELEI

O, fairy tale of the olden times,
Why dost thou haunt my mind?
Surely that tale can not be true,
Of the Lorelei's power o'er all mankind.

The air is cool, the light grows dim,
The Rhine flows peacefully on;
The summit of the mountain dons
The golden rays from the setting sun.

High upon a solid rock,
The beautiful maiden, Lorelei, sits;
Her charming, wavy, golden locks,
Make one forget and gaze awe-struck.

Her lyre studded with precious stones,
Accompanies her chant so wild;
Drowns out the deep and hideous roar
Of the billowing waves upon the shore.

The boatman in his little ship,
Gazes spellbound, caught in the net.
He has no eyes for the rocky cliff.
To the roar of the waves he does not list.

The waters deep do then engulf
The boat and boatman brave;
The Lorelei's song has caused them both
To sink beneath the foam and wave.

N. B. The above poem was translated from the original by Helen E. Murley, '29, student in the first year German class.

The Senior American History and Civics Classes

THERE are two American History and Civics Classes. One meets the fifth period and the other meets the sixth. In the classes an assignment is given at the beginning of each week to be studied and outlined by the end of the week. Note books are one of the important factors of the work. They contain an outline of the text book and all special topics.

Once a week the college preparatory students spend a period in the library looking up material on special topics. The following day oral reports, on the subjects, are given in class.

Besides taking up the regular history work, the classes have sponsored one debate and several World News matches so far this year. All members of the classes subscribe to the newspaper which is issued weekly. The fifth period class is divided into six teams and the sixth period class is divided into five teams. Each member of the classes prepares ten questions. In class two teams are chosen to ask one another questions. This is continued, much like a spelling match, until one side is eliminated. A score is kept on the board in order to determine the winning team.

The title of the debate was: Resolved that England was more to blame for the Revolution than the American Colonies. Many interesting facts were brought out in the discussion and the debates were very successful. The negative side won in the fifth period class while the affirmative won in the sixth period class.

Ellen E. Meal '29

The Art Department

STUDENTS taking art courses this year have found it to be a most interesting study. We have in Fairhaven High School a new art class of modeling. The aim of this class is to gain a better idea of proportions and to be able to work with clay.

The first and third period classes have found costume designing desirable. The problems in this course are designing costumes of different nations and at home.

Stage design and modeling has been chosen by the second period class. This is designing stage settings and arranging a little stage.

The fourth period class is illustrating or drawing from everyday life. This is recommended to the Freshmen. The next period is advanced illustration; this is practically the same as the other illustration class but is much more difficult.

Art appreciation, which is last period, is the study of the different sources of art as applied to everyday life.

Miss Wells, the teacher, who has been on an art tour through Europe this summer has returned with many new ideas and interesting stories. The art department has been very fortunate in being able to see some of the toys and souvenirs she has brought back. Among those that she has shown the classes are jig-saw animals from Germany, dolls dressed in the national costumes of Germany, France, and Czechoslovakia, a bandana handkerchief from the Rialto Bridge, Venice, and many snapshots of Europe. These have been of great interest to all classes.

Marjorie Snow '30

Commercial Department

FAIRHAVEN HIGH SCHOOL BANKING SYSTEM

FOR a year or two the Fairhaven High School has had a banking system, but this year a Vacation Club has been added. The aim of this club is to have more students saving money for their own personal use.

The students may bank any day they wish excepting Tuesday. Tuesday is reserved for the Freshmen. In the Vacation Club the system is the same as in the banks. The student has a reference card and the managers of the bank have a card and folder containing stamps for their reference. Interest is given by the bank at the end of the year; this helps to encourage banking.

After all students have banked, the money is added. If the amount is not correct it is easily remedied because all depositors and amounts are placed on paper and added.

On Friday, the folders which contain one dollar or more are sent with the money to the Fairhaven Institution for Savings.

Latin

THE freshman vocabulary pin awarded to the member of Latin D class having the highest team play-off and written examination on vocabulary Group I was won by Miss Anne Clark.

Miss Frances Browne's team was the star team with an average of 99%.

Latin Teacher:

You will find it easier at first to write your dictated verbs backward, first the personal ending, then the tense sign, then the verb stem and connecting vowel.

Freshman:

Oh yes, I see! Like this: we toiled, musbalabora.

JOKES

Happened in Math. just after Mr. Lawton had given a talk on unnecessary laughing.

Miss Bedford sneezes.

Mr. Lawton—"That'll be enough of that."

Pease—"I can speak any language—French, Latin, German, Italian, etc."

Entin—"Let's hear you speak Italian."

Pease—"Gooda mornin."

(Chorus singing, "Flag of the Free" which is to the tune of "Here comes the Bride.")

Mr. Dickey—"That song sounds familiar."

Freshie—"Who is Mike Huntry?"

Senior—"Never heard of him. Where'd you?"

Freshie—"In assembly this morning we sang 'Mike Huntry 'tis of thee'."

Tennis player—"Don't the football players ever wash their suits?"

Ping-pong player—"Sure, that's what the scrub team is for."

Wood—"Do you eat with those finger nails?"

Doran—"Of course not. I use a fork."

The Observant Student

WHY TEACHERS GO INSANE

Shall we write on both sides of the paper?
I didn't hear the question.
I studied the wrong lesson.
I had mine written out but I left it at home.
I didn't get that far.
I brought the wrong book.
I was absent yesterday.
I haven't any paper.
May I borrow a pencil?

WITH APOLOGIES TO POE

One night I lay a'thinking
Of the pleasant days of yore,
I heard a swishing, swashing,
Outside my chamber door,
Up the hall a funny clicking
And some shuffling on the floor,
'Twas my sister in goloshes
Only that and nothing more.

Chemistry has given one thing to the world—Blondes.

Heard in a Biology class—We will now name some of the lower classes of animals starting with Doran.

"A football team must have support behind it to win;" declared a speaker,

"And a — —"

"True, brother, true," interrupted one of the audience, "and it can't have too d—d much opposition in front of it either."

The writer of this column would like to know, from anyone interested in politics, when the Law of Gravity was passed.

The annual sale of coach's hair tonic will have to be omitted this year.

David Entin, '29

Exchanges

“The Dial”—Brattleboro High School—Brattleboro, Vt.

You have a fine Literary Department, and your French Department is especially good.

“The High School Herald”, Westfield H. S., Westfield, Mass.

Your magazine is very interesting, but a good joke department would improve it immensely.

“The Stampede”—Senset High School—Dallas, Texas.

The attractive cover of your magazine caused us to look forward to reading the contents. We like the way you carried one theme through your whole book.

“The Quarterly,” Stanford H. S., Stanford, Conn.

We like the cover of “The Quarterly” and the editorials. We think that a few good jokes would make a great improvement in your magazine.

The following exchanges have been acknowledged—

“The Pilgrim,” Plymouth High School—Plymouth, Mass.

“The Alpha,” New Bedford High School—New Bedford, Mass.

“The Hanoverian,” Sylvester High School—Hanover, Mass.

“The Harpoon,” Dartmouth High School—Dartmouth, Mass.

“The Academy Clipper,” Colebrook Academy—Colebrook, N. H.

“The Radiator,” The High School—Somerville, Mass.

Roster of Class of 1928

Warren Aiken—Tilton School, Tilton, N. H.
Burton Alden—At home.
Alleta Allen—St. Lukes School of Nursing, N. B.
Alfred Amarel—At home.
Grace Andrews—Herrick's Institute.
Albert Bates—Northeastern University.
Dorothy Broadbent—At home.
Marian Bryant—At home.
Robert Burrell—Post Graduate Course at F. H. S.
Walter Chase—Humphrey Cold Storage.
Arthur Coe—Coffee House in New Bedford.
Constance Dudgeon—Post Graduate Course at F. H. S.
Grace Dupuis—At home.
Lester Durfee—Northeastern University.
Harold Dutton—Northeastern University.
Jennie Eldridge—At home
Louise Emin—Training school at St. Lukes, N. B.
Alice Fennessey—At home.
George Flathers—New Bedford Textile School.
Louise Fleming—Truesdale Hospital, Fall River.
Helen Gamons—At home.
Bernice Goodwin—Training at St. Lukes, N. B.
Louise Greenhalgh—Post Graduate Course at F. H. S.
Elizabeth Hatfield—Sargent School of Physical Education, Cambridge,
Mass.
Edmund Hawes—University of Maine.
Walter Henshaw—Harvard.
Eunice Hurst—Swain School of Design, N. B.
Marjorie Howe—Post Graduate Course at F. H. S.
Walter Kuechler—University of Pennsylvania.
Mary Luiz—At home.
Doris Macomber—At home.
Harold Macomber—Brown's Pharmacy, Fairhaven.
Russell Macomber—Kent's Hill Seminary, Kents Hill, Me.
Doris Maker—At home.
Helen Martin—Dorchester Telephone Exchange.
Eleanor McDevitt—Framingham Normal School.

Lawrence McGowan—Tilton School.
 Edith Mitchell—Connecticut College.
 Eva Moody—St. Luke's Hospital N. B.
 Marion Morse—At home.
 Mary O'Leary—At home.
 Miriam Owen—Northfield Seminary.
 Joseph Perry—Harvard.
 Astrid Phillips—Katherine Gibb's Secretarial School, Boston.
 Morton Pierce—Mattapoisett Post Office.
 Stanley Quinn—Norwich University.
 Dorothy Ransom—Wheaton College.
 Ruth Ritchie—Simmons College, Boston.
 Ernest Roberts—Freeman's Drug Store.
 Edith P. Robinson—At home.
 Joseph Rocha—Post Graduate Course at F. H. S.
 Marie Claire Rousseau—Bridgewater Normal School.
 Dolores Rousseau—Bridgewater Normal School.
 Belmira Silva—Atlas Tack Co.
 Elizabeth Tabor—Kresge's, N. B.
 Leonilda Teixeira—At home.
 Melba Teixeira—Star Store.
 William Terhune—Abbot Junior College, Maine.
 Rose Walsh—Bridgewater Normal School.
 Hazel Westgate—Bridgewater Normal School.
 Lester Winterbottom—Reynolds Printing Shop, N. B.
 Edward Wlodyka—Holy Cross.
 Edith Young—Junior College, Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass.

'27 Everett Slocum—Freshman class at Colby College, Maine.

Everett Slocum '27 is calling signals for the "freshies" at Colby.

"Joe" Perry, president of class of '28 has been awarded a scholarship prize of \$300 at Harvard.

Edith Young has made the hockey team at Bradford Academy.

Hope Dudgeon has been accepted into the Glee Club at Smith College.

Warren Aiken and "Pop" McGowan were chosen for the first eleven at Tilton.

Walter Henshaw made the Freshman Soccer Team at Harvard.

"Russ" Macomber was selected to play fullback for Kent Hill.

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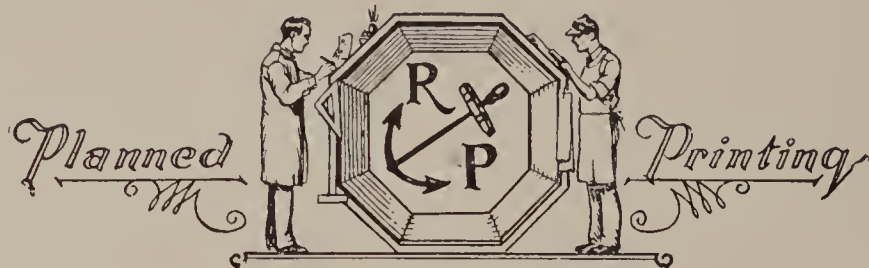
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